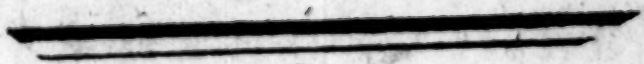
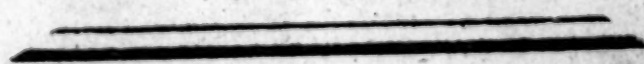


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A
T O U R
T O
ERMENONVILLE.



T O U R

MEMORIAL

58c

A
T O U R
T O
ERMENONVILLE; *K*

CONTAINING,

Besides an Account of the Palace, Gardens,
and Curiosities of CHANTILLY,

And of the MARQUIS DE GIRARDIN'S
beautiful Seat of ERMENONVILLE,

A particular Description of the Tomb of
J. J. ROUSSEAU,

With Anecdotes (never before published) of that
celebrated and singular Man.

Ἰσθὲν ὕμνον

Κοιμᾶται· θήσκειν μὴ λέγει τὰς ἀγαθὰς.

Anthol.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXXXV.

28



Advertisement.

THERE is scarcely any prejudice more general, than that which inclines us to believe that whatever is in a more than ordinary degree pleasing to ourselves, must necessarily be so to the rest of the world; and our desire of making

ing others take part in our enjoyments, whenever self-love or self-interest do not interfere, is always in proportion to the force and vivacity with which they affect our own feeling. That this desire improperly indulged, not only fails of producing the wished-for effect, but is often followed by one quite contrary, must be acknowledged; still, those who err solely because their desire of giving
pleasure

pleasure outruns their ability, have a title to indulgence, which even the disappointment or displeasure they may occasion cannot reasonably set aside: To this indulgence at least the writer of the following few pages puts in his claim, conscious that the sole motive of their publication is his wish to communicate to others, some part of the pleasure he received in the delightful tour they are intended to describe.

T O U R

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T O U R
T O
ERMENONVILLE.

THE tribute of admiration due to extraordinary talents or pre-eminent virtue, is never perhaps so imperiously exacted, or so liberally paid, as in those moments when we approach the Tombs of persons, who, when living, over-stepp'd, in a particular or unusual degree, the common limits of excellence:

B prescribed

prescribed to mortals. Our faculties on such occasions seem to have lost all liberty of sentiment and perception, and to be tied down as it were by some overruling force, to the contemplation of a single idea, for ever present to the imagination, which either finds or creates it in every object that strikes the senses. If it be true, as has been often asserted, that idolatry took its rise in a perversion of gratitude towards the early benefactors of humanity, we may take it for granted,

granted, that the first altar raised to an imaginary divinity, was composed of the native unshaven turf, which covered the remains of some adventurous hero or venerable elder, newly consigned to the bosom of the earth, amidst the lamentations of those whom he had lately protected by his valour, or amazed and enlightened by some unprecedented effort of inventive industry; insomuch that the alliance between the place of burial and place of worship, however in-

congruous in itself, is of higher antiquity than may be generally suspected. The excursion, of which the following short narrative is designed to contain an account, was performed under the fullest and most complete influence of the impressions here alluded to; a circumstance of which I thought it necessary to apprise my readers, in order that, should they meet with any thing singular in the conception or representation of the objects described in it, they may know what cause to attribute it to.

On

On the 30th August, 1783, I set out in company with two other gentlemen from Paris for *Ermenonville*, the *Stowe*, as it has been called, but more properly the *Leasowes* of France, to the exquisitely elaborate simplicity of which latter place, in the state in which it remained during the life of its amiable and ingenious cultivator, or *creator* rather, it bears a nearer resemblance, than to the magnificence of the former. I must acknowledge however, that we were not
so

So much attracted by the beauties of the place itself, as by the desire of paying a visit (making a *pilgrimage* I had almost said) to the Tomb of ROUSSEAU. A confession this, which I would not have ventured to make, but in the persuasion that those among my readers who are acquainted with the productions of that extraordinary genius, and who, in consideration of the purity as well as sublimity of most of his doctrines, and the energetick and irresistible eloquence with which

he

he enforced all of them, may be inclined to over-look the inequalities of the writer, and the frailties of the man, will rather share in our enthusiasm than censure it.

We passed through St. Denis without stopping to contemplate the monuments of departed royalty ; the empire enjoyed by the monarchs whose remains are deposited there, was circumscribed within the narrow limits of their own lives ; but the eloquent

quent apologist of virtue and humanity, whose Tomb we pressed forward to visit, had erected a throne in the hearts of all who love the one or reverence the other, whose foundations must stand unshaken, so long as the language in which he wrote endures.

What our veneration for the sceptered dead however could not obtain from us, a much more powerful attraction easily effected; for arriving soon after at

Lusarches,

Lusarches, we forgot for a while the object of our journey, in the contemplation of one of the most delightful prospects I ever beheld ; a valley inclosed within a double range of hills crowned with wood, stretching out to a considerable distance, and divided by a river, which being on a level with its banks, reflected as in a mirror, the vineyards and corn-fields that bordered it on either side, while a number of clumps or single trees, scattered at irregular distances, took off

C

that

that air of fameness which betrays art, and served as so many resting places on which the eye reposed at pleasure, during its excursions across this enchanting scene. Divided after some time between our unwillingness to quit the prospect we were going to leave behind, and our eagerness to enjoy the gratification we had in view, we experienced a mixed sensation and of a peculiar kind, which we could not help comparing to the effect of two liquors that con-

found

found each other on the palate, and suffer it to receive the true flavour of neither. We proceeded however on our journey, but could not help looking back from time to time, and it was with some degree of pain we descended the neighbouring hill which intercepted so agreeable a prospect.

Though the face of nature was not now so gay, so varied, so magnificent as at *Lusarches*, we had notwithstanding no rea-

son to complain ; there was enough to gratify moderate expectation, and the landscapes that stretched on each side the road to *Chantilly*, would have afforded abundant matter, both of admiration and delight, could we have forgotten the valley thro' which we so lately passed.

We arrived at *Chantilly* about night fall, and our first care was to find out, if possible, a comfortable inn, a matter of no very easy discovery in most parts of France.

France. We were however sufficiently fortunate in this instance, meeting with nothing to interrupt those agreeable sensations with which the wearied traveller sits over his evening fire, while he recalls and enjoys again, as it were, the pleasing incidents of the past day, and looks forward to the next with the hope of additional gratification.

We arose early to visit the curiosities of the Palace of Chantilly ; it is the principal country
 feat

feat of the Prince of Condé, and
 formerly belonged to the Mont-
 morency family, whose arms still
 appear over the gate. The Con-
 stable Montmorency, taken pri-
 soner at the battle of *Castel Nau-*
dari, and beheaded at *Toulouse*,
 was its last possessor of that
 name. Before the palace is an
 equestrian statue of that noble-
 man, who may be justly confi-
 dered as the last great martyr of
 public liberty in France. Being
 taken in arms, not so properly
 against the authority of the so-
 vereign

vereign, as the despotism of his minister, his judges complying with the letter of the law, and over-awed by the presence of Richelieu, were obliged to condemn him. While the severity of his fate excited pity or indignation in every other breast, he was himself the only person that considered it with calmness and unconcern. The King's brother, the Pope's nuncio, the Venetian ambassador, and several other personages of distinction, interested themselves in his behalf.

half. His sister, the Princess of *Condé*, threw herself at the King's feet, and in the bitterness of her heart besought him to spare the last surviving representative of so many heroes, but *Louis* was inflexible; the natural severity of his temper, hardened by the gloomy policy of Richelieu, was proof against supplication. The power of the nobles, too great no doubt considered in itself, formed the only barrier against the system of universal despotism, which it was the business of

of that haughty statesman's life to establish. It became necessary therefore to shew by some striking example, what those among the nobility had to expect, who, by defending their own privileges, might retard the destruction that threatened the people's rights.

On entering the Palace we were conducted to the armory, where we saw the armour of the celebrated *Anne de Montmorency*, killed at the battle of St.

D

Denis,

Denis, where, notwithstanding his advanced age, he fought with all the fire and intrepidity of youth. On the back of the armour, the impresson of a ball is visible; but that which killed him, he received in the cheek, from Robert Stuart, a Scotch gentleman; we viewed with no little eagerness, the hole in the head of the armour through which it passed. We were afterwards shewn the armour of *Henry the Fourth*, the great and beloved monarch of France; and
that

that worn by *Joan of Arc*, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, a name familiar to every one acquainted with French or English history.

We proceeded next to examine the cabinet of natural history, which contains a most superb collection, equally valuable for the abundance, variety and rarity of its materials, and for the order and method, with which they are arranged.

Of the paintings, a few only have any claim to considerable merit. The apartments are for the most part splendidly furnished, but some of them are fallen into decay, owing perhaps to the greatness of their number, as they are too many to be occupied.

The stables are of the most finished architecture, being reckoned the finest in France. At each extremity is a pavilion with three arcades ; that of the great
gate

gate is remarkably beautiful, being adorned with pilasters, cornices and figures of horses in *basso relievo*.

The gardens of Chantilly are much admired by the French, but they have few charms for an eye accustomed to a less artificial mode of improvement.— There is indeed a little spot called *le jardin Anglois*, the English garden, which is pretty enough. A river remarkably limpid, falling from a grand cascade, meanders

anders through it in various windings, and gives freshness and verdure to the place. The *bameau* or village, in the center, is composed of a few thatched cabins, one of which is called the hermitage, another serves as a kitchen, another as a dining apartment, and a fourth as a library, where, among other books we saw Tom Jones, Sir Charles Grandison, and Clarissa. The simplicity and agreeable wildness of the *jardin Anglois*, is very well contrasted with the constrained and

and affected regularity that prevails around it, but it is laid out on too small a scale, which gives it an air of littleness and insignificancy.

The island of love, *l'isle d'amour*, rises out of a small lake, and is disposed into beds of flowers, and groves of odoriferous shrubs, interspersed with alcoves of woodbine, artificial grottos, and purling streams. At one end is a Temple of Venus, which appeared to us a very tawdry edifice,

edifice, unworthy of a goddess so sincerely and so universally worshipped; and destitute of many embellishments, which a more judicious hand might have bestowed on it. There are however two beautiful statues of the divinity of the place, inferior indeed to the celebrated one at *Marli*, so well known to travellers by an *agnomen* too indelicate to translate.

Near the temple is a little Cupid of marble, naked, without

out bow or quiver, and holding in his hand a heart. On the pedestal that supports him, is the following pretty inscription, by Monsieur Grouville :

N'offrant qu'un cœur à la beauté,
 Aussi nu que la vérité,
 Sans armes comme l'innocence,
 Sans ailes comme la constance ;
 Tel fut l'amour au siècle d'or !
 On ne le trouve plus, mais on le cherche
 encore.

“ Naked as truth, unarmed
 like innocence, without wings,
 for so is constancy, offering no
 E bribe

bribe to beauty, but a heart ;—
 such was love in the golden age :
 that love whom mortals have
 been since in search of, and
 whom they are condemned ever
 to seek after, and never to find.”

We met here with little else
 remarkable, except a parterre
 adorned with several basins, a
 terrace with some poor statues,
 water spouting on every side,
 and a grand cascade, on which
 all the powers of art have been
 exhausted. The gardens, to say
 the

the truth, however rich and elaborate in their composition, are far from being a model of rural perfection. They present us with nothing great, nothing bold or majestick, no pleasing variation of style, no diversity of landscape. Splended embellishments are preferred to simple beauties, and the laboured elegance of art to the charming irregularities of nature. It was impossible to pass through them without recollecting the two celebrated lines of Pope ;

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a
 brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the
 other.

Our way to Ermenonville lay
 through the forest of Chantilly,
 over a loose sandy bottom, de-
 scending by a gentle declivity.
 The forest, said to contain eight
 thousand acres, is laid out into
 a number of long allies, which,
 like the radii of a circle, meet
 in a central point, called an
etoile, or star. The sameness and
 artificial appearance of the views
 it

it afforded, together with their perpetual recurrence, fatigued us beyond measure, and made a short ride appear as long as it was tiresome and disgusting.

After being at some difficulty to make our way through this woody labyrinth, we at length emerged from it, and shortly after arrived at Ermenonville. The town is situated in a hollow, and so embosomed in trees, that we did not perceive it till we came to the very houses, or cottages

cottages rather, for they do not deserve the former appellation. Amongst them, however, we found out what was called an inn, though with little else beside the following inscription, and verses, which are over the door, to entitle it to the name of one :

L'Empereur JOSEPH a diné dans cette
Maison, Samedi, 24 Mai, 1777.

Preferer aux Palais, cette simple chaumiere,
Y déposer des Rois le faste et la grandeur,
De ses hôtes charmés honorer la candeur,
Aupres d'eux conserver l'Egalité premiere ;
C'est

C'est ce que fait un Prince; et vous croi-
riez peut être

Qu'il faut le mettre au rang des heros fa-
buleux;

Si l'on ne nommoit JOSEPH II.

Des Germains fortunés et le Pere et le
Maitre.

In English.

" The Emperor JOSEPH dined in this

" House, Saturday May 24, 1777.

" The Monarch who preferred the sim-

" plicity of a Cottage to the splendor of

" Palaces; who laid aside at its threshold

" the pomp and lustre of Royalty; who

" shared in the heart-felt joy of his de-

" lighted hosts, and respected in their per-

" sons the natural equality of mankind;

" was not one of those Heroes whose vir-

" tues exist only in the legends of fable,

" but,

" JOSEPH II.

" In whom the Germans find at once a

" Father and a Prince."

It

It must be acknowledged that the French, who miss no opportunity of offering incense to royalty, seldom make so good a choice of the object of their devotion as in the present instance.

After having breakfasted in the same chamber in which the Emperor dined, (an honour which our host did not forget to remind us of, with no little emphasis) we began our ramble.

Our first visit, after taking a slight view of the chateau or castle,

castle, which is the country seat of the *Marquis de Girardin*, was to *the desert*, a wild and romantic, but not unpleasing spot, preserved in its present state, I should suppose, to serve as a contrast to the more cultivated beauties of the park and gardens.— It lies to the left of the village, and we reached it by the banks of a lake, about a mile in circumference, bordered with willows, and nearly divided towards the middle by an elevated peninsula, covered with furze and

F brush-

brushwood, that seemed to be the retreat of innumerable wild fowl. Round this lake the desert rises in the form of an amphitheatre, and with a gradual ascent stretches away the whole extent of the sensible horizon. The rays of the sun, playing on the surface of the waters, were reflected on the scene around, and enlightened and gilded the whole landscape. Entering the desert, we clambered to an eminence, whence we had a complete view of the savage landscape.

scape. We were charmed as well as astonished by the wildness and variety of the objects ; whether we surveyed the profound valley or the rising hill, the wide spreading oaks and towering pines or the humble shrubs, the flood rushing with impetuosity from the broken rocks, or the clear stream flowing gently o'er the smooth pebbles, the majestick, yet simple hand of nature was every where visible. On every side either the richest luxuriance of vegetation

met the sight, or the few barren spots that appeared, served only to set off the general fertility.

We here found a cottage or grot, scooped into the rock, and covered with furze : within is the following inscription :

Vois tu, passant, cette roche ecrasée ?

Elle merite ton respect :

Elle a servi, toute brute qu'elle est,
Pour abriter la vertu couronnée.

“ Observe, passenger, this ruinous mass.
“ It is entitled to your respect, having
“ once, all senseless as it is, been the shel-
“ ter and guardian of virtue.”

Rousseau

Rousseau had taken refuge in this grot, from a storm which surprized him in one of those excursions, during which he loved to read the great book of nature, on the tops of mountains, or in the depths of some venerable forest. I rested with pleasure on the seat that had once supported him, and felt something like a sentiment of thankfulness to the asylum that had protected him.

We descended the hill by a winding path, and, crossing the valley,

valley, reached the summit of the eminence on the other side, on which stands a cabin called *la cabane de Jean Jacques*. It is built against the rock and thatched with heath. Within, besides a plain and unornamented fire place, we found a seat cut out of the rock, and covered with moss, a small table, and two wicker chairs. On a shelf formed by a ledge of the rock, stood a pitcher.

On

On the outside of the cabin we read the following inscription :

“ Celui la est veritablement
“ libre, qui n'a pas besoin de
“ mettre les bras d'un autre au
“ bout des siens pour faire sa
“ volonté.”

“ He alone is truly free, who
“ has no wish that he cannot
“ gratify, without lengthening
“ out his own arms with those
“ of another person.”

After recognizing in this inscription the unconquerable independence

dependence of sentiment that so peculiarly characterized Rousseau, as well as the sublime simplicity of expression, sometimes inelegant perhaps, but always energetick, which constitutes the principal charm of his writings, we turned to the other side of the door, and read ;

“ C’est sur la cime des montagnes, que l’homme se plaît
 “ à contempler la nature. C’est
 “ là que, tête-à-tête avec elle,
 “ il en reçoit des inspirations
 “ toutes

“ toutes puissantes, qui elevent
“ l'ame au dessus de la region des
“ erreurs et des prejugsés.”

“ It is on the tops of moun-
“ tains that man contemplates
“ the face of nature with real
“ delight. There it is, that, in
“ conference with the fruitful
“ parent of all things, he re-
“ ceives from her those all-pow-
“ erful inspirations, which lift
“ the mind above the sphere of
“ error and prejudice.”

G

We

We descended by a path called *le sentier de Rousseau*, and, taking a circuit round the lake, returned by the other side of it to the village, to procure a guide to conduct us through the park, the objects of curiosity in which we had been informed, were too numerous to be all discovered without such assistance, as well as too deserving of attention to hazard the missing of any of them. We passed by the chateau, which is the usual country residence of the Marquis de Girardin,

rardin, to whom Ermenonville belongs. It stands on a river, and its situation in the midst of water, was all we observed remarkable in it. Two *pavillions* as the French call them, standing in a line, about thirty yards on each side from the body of the house, serve as wings to it. In that on the right hand as we faced the house, died Rousseau. He had resided there but a little time before his death. We made several enquiries about his manner of living, and the following particulars

particulars concerning the private life of this extraordinary man, will not, it is presumed, be unacceptable to the reader. He got his meat from the market of Ermenonville ; his table, as may be supposed, was modest and frugal, suited to the simplicity of his taste, and mediocrity of his circumstances. He sometimes dined with the Marquis de Girardin, but much less frequently than his noble patron would have wished. He had conceived a fondness for his younger

younger son ; he called him his little governor, and as he brought him every day to walk with him, he used to shew great impatience, if the boy delayed too long coming to him of a morning. He instructed him in the first principles of botany, and took pleasure in opening his mind to the beauties of nature. He also gave lessons in musick to *Mademoiselle de Girardin*, and this was to him a favourite amusement. We enquired of our guide if he

he was affable, and if he conversed much with the inhabitants of the village. He told us he did, particularly with those that were poor, whom he delighted to assist by his instructions and advice. We made several other enquiries, and the answers we received, tended all to confirm us in the opinion we already entertained of him. But as the last moments of life are those alone in which the situation and sentiments of the human heart appear without disguise,

guise, and constitute therefore the best criterion, by which the virtues of the man can be ascertained ; in justice to Rousseau's memory, and to confound the malice of those slanderers, whose envy, contrary to the usual nature of that base passion, has out-lived its object, I shall beg leave to subjoin the following account of his death, written by an eye witness, with that air of candour and sincerity, which sufficiently warrants the truth of

of the circumstances related in it.

“ In the afternoon of Wednesday, July 1st, 1778, he (*Rousseau*) took his usual walk with his *little governor*, as he called him ; the weather was very warm, and he several times stopped and desired his little companion to rest himself (a circumstance not usual with him) and complained, as the child afterwards related, of an attack of the cholick ; which however

however was entirely removed when he returned to supper, so that his wife had even no suspicion of his being out of order. The next day he arose at his usual hour, went to contemplate the rising sun in his morning walk, and returned to breakfast with his wife."

"Sometime after, at the hour she generally went out about her family business, he desired her to call and pay a smith that had done some work for him ;

H

and

and charged her particularly to make no deduction from his bill, as he appeared to be an honest man; preserving to the last moments of his life, those sentiments of probity and justice, which he enforced by his example, not less persuasively than by his writings. His wife had been out but a few minutes, when returning she found him sitting in a straw chair, and leaning with his elbow on a nest of drawers. What is the matter with you, my dear, says she: do you find
your-

yourself ill ? I feel, replies he, a strange uneasiness and oppression, besides a severe attack of the cholick. Madame Rousseau upon this, in order to have assistance without alarming him, begged the porter's wife to go to the chateau, and tell that her husband was taken ill. Madame de Girardin being the first whom the news reached, hurried there instantly, and as that was with her a very unusual hour of visiting Rousseau, she, as a pretext for her coming, asked him

and his wife, whether they had not been disturbed in the night by the noise made in the village ? “ Ah ! madam,” answered Rousseau in a tone of voice that declared the feeling he had of her condescension ; “ I am perfectly sensible of your goodness, but you see I am in pain, and to have you a witness of my sufferings, is an addition to them ; and both your own delicate state of health, and the natural tenderness of your heart, unfit you for the sight of other people’s sufferings.

ferings. You will do me a kindness, and yourself too, Madam, by retiring and leaving me alone with my wife for some time." She returned therefore to the chateau, to leave him at liberty to receive without interruption, such assistance as his cholic required, the only assistance in appearance, which he stood in need of."

"As soon as he was alone with his wife, he desired her to sit down beside him. Here I
am,

am, my dear ; how do you find yourself ? The cholic tortures me severely, but I intreat you to open the window ; let me once more see the verdure that covers the face of nature ; how beautiful it is ! My dear husband, what do you mean by saying so ? It has always been my prayer to God, replied he with the most perfect tranquility, to die without doctor or disease, and that you might close my eyes ; my prayers are on the point of being heard. If I have ever been the
cause

cause of any affliction to you ;
 if by being united to me, you
 have met with any misfortune,
 that you would have otherwise
 avoided, I intreat your pardon
 for it. Ah, it is my duty, cried
 she all in tears, it is my duty
 and not yours, to ask forgive-
 ness for all the trouble and un-
 easiness I have occasioned to you!
 But what can you mean by talk-
 ing in this manner ? Listen to
 me, my dear wife : *I feel that I*
am dying, but I die in perfect
tranquility ; I never meant ill to
any

any one, and I have a right to reckon upon the mercy of God."

" My friends have promised me never to dispose without your consent, of the papers I have put into their hands ; the Marquis de Girardin will have the humanity to claim the performance of their promise. Thank the Marquis and his lady on my part ; I leave you in their hands, and I have a sufficient reliance on their friendship, to carry along with me the satisfactory
cer-

certainty, that they will be a father and mother to you. Tell them I request their permission to be buried in their garden, and that I have no choice as to the particular spot. Give my *souvenir* to my little governor, and my botany to Mademoiselle Girardin. Give the poor of the village something to pray for me, and let the honest couple whose marriage I had settled, have the present I intended to make them. I charge you besides particularly, to have my body opened af-

I

ter

ter my death, by proper persons, and that an exact account of the appearances and dissection, be committed to writing."

"In the mean time the pains he felt encreased; he complained of shooting pains in the breast and head. His wife being no longer able to conceal her affliction, he forgot his own sufferings to console her. What, said he, have I lost all your affection already; and do you lament my happiness, happiness never

never to have an end, and which it will not be in the power of men to alter or interrupt ? See how clear the heavens look, (pointing to the sky, in a kind of transport that seemed to collect all the energy of his soul,) there is not a single cloud ; don't you see that the gate of the blessed mansions is open, and that God himself waits my approach ? At these words he fell forwards, dragging his wife down along with him. Attempting to raise him, she finds

him speechless and without motion. Her cries bring all within hearing to her assistance; the body is taken up and laid on the bed. At that moment I entered, and taking his hand, I found it still a little warm, and even imagined his pulse beat; the shortness of the time in which the fatal event had taken place, the whole having passed in less than a quarter of an hour, left me a ray of hope. I sent for the neighbouring surgeon, and dispatched a person to
 mid Paris,

Paris, for a physician, a friend of Rousseau's, charging him to come without a moment's delay. I called for some *alkali volatil fluor*, and made him smell to, and swallow it repeatedly, all to no effect. The consummation so delightful to him, and so fatal to us, was already completed, and if his example taught me how to die, it could not teach me to bear his loss without regret."

My

My readers will, I trust, excuse this short digression; the practice of celebrated moralists is so often at variance with their precepts, that it is but doing justice to the cause of virtue, to others and ourselves, to make the world acquainted with such instances of conformity between the writings and the life of great men.

On entering the park we travers'd a hollow way, which had something gloomy and grotesque

tesque in its appearance. On our left hand was a lake with a terrace intervening, which for some time hid it from our sight : On our right a steep hill irregularly wooded, while the valley was divided in its whole length by a small rivulet, over which on a flag we read the following inscription :

Coule, gentil ruisseau, sous cet epais feu-
lage

Ton bruit charme le sens il attendrit le
cours ;

Coule, gentil ruisseau, car ton cours est
l'image

D'un beau jour passé dans le bonheur.

“ Flow

“ Flow, gentle stream, beneath this
 embowering shade; thy murmur softens
 the heart while it delights the ear: flow,
 gentle stream; thy current is the image of
 a day deformed by no cloud, and a heart
 disturbed by no care.”

A little further on, was a
 rock with these words from
 Thomson:

— Here studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty
 dead.

We next came to a small al-
 tar of stone called l'autel de la
 pensée, *the altar of thought*, with
 this inscription:

A la

A la reverie.

Sacred to meditation..

Our progress through this gloomy but not unpleasing valley, had filled our minds with ideas not ill preparatory to the contemplation of the principal object of our curiosity, as well as that of most other visitants whom this place receives, the Tomb of Rousseau. - It stands at about fifteen or twenty yards distance from the nearest land, in an island of the lake, of an oblong form, about forty yards in

K length,

length, and ten or fifteen in breadth, covered with the richest verdure, and bordered with beautiful poplars, from which it takes its name, being called *l'isle des peupliers*. The Tomb is in the middle, a simple yet elegant marble monument. The inscription on one side of it is,

Ici repose
L'homme de la nature et de la vérité.

Here rests
The man of nature and of truth.

Beneath which is the motto
Rousseau had chosen for himself.

self, and which he made the great rule, equally of his writings and his actions ;

Vitam impendere vero.

Be truth the purchase, tho' the price be life.

On the lead the following words only, as ample in their significancy as few in their number, are engrav'd :

Hic jacent ossa J. J. Rousseau.

Here lie the remains of J. J. Rousseau.

On the other side of the Tomb is represented in basso relievo, a mother instructing

K 2

her

her daughters, and teaching them to tear in pieces the ribbands, laces, filks and other trifling ornaments, which the prevailing mode of education has too long taught the fair sex to consider, as the first objects of their attention and care. On the verge of the lake is a seat to repose on : here, as we sat down, we read the following lines, suggested no doubt by the sculpture just mentioned, and intended as a *companion* to it :

De la mere à l'enfant il rendit les tendresses,
 De l'enfant à la mere il rendit les caresses ;
 De l'homme de sa naissance il fut le bien
 fauteur,
 Et le rendit plus libre afin qu'il fût meilleur.

“ To the daughter he restored
 the affection of the mother, to
 the mother the caresses of the
 daughter. His whole life had
 but one object ; that object was
 the happiness of humanity, and
 if he wished to see all mankind
 free, it was because he knew
 that virtue and freedom are in-
 separable companions.”

Opposite

Opposite us on a flag which
lay against a bank of earth, was
inscribed the following epitaph :

Là, sous ces peupliers, dans ce simple
tombeau

Qu'entourent ces ondes paisibles,
Sont les restes mortels de J. J. Rousseau :
Mais c'est dans tous les cœurs sensibles
Que cet homme si bon, qui fut tout sen-
timent,
De son ame a fondé l'éternel monument.

“ In yonder unadorned Tomb,
shaded by over-hanging poplars,
and encircled by these unruffled
waters, rests all that was mor-
tal of J. J. Rousseau. But a
more

more lasting monument, one that shall prolong to all ages the memory of the man who lived only to sensibility and virtue, is erected in every bosom that glows with the flame of the one, or beats to the throbbings of the other."

Whether the concluding thought of the above lines was borrowed from Pope's well known epitaph on Gay, or suggested merely by a similitude of character in the persons to whom
these

these different tributes of friendship were paid, it must be acknowledged that the French composition has no little advantage over the English one, in the circumstance of its being free from the *equivoque* which so vilely disfigures the conclusion of the latter;

—The worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms, HERE lies
Gay.

I cannot however help thinking that the following epitaph, made also for Rousseau, should
have

have been preferred to the former, were it only on account of its greater simplicity.

Sous ces peupliers paisibles

Repose J. J. Rousseau :

Ames honnêtes et sensibles !

Votre ami dort sous ce tombeau.

“Beneath those peaceful poplars rests J. J. Rousseau. Oh all ye virtuous and feeling ! your friend, your brother reposes within this tomb.”

We quitted this hallowed spot with reluctance, and entered a delightful little valley replete

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with

with beauties of the most romantick cast. We made the circuit of a meadow encompassed with water, and came to a grotto called *la grotte verte*, the grotto of verdure, with this inscription :

O charmante couleur d'une verte prairie !
 Tu reposes les yeux et tu calmes le cœur :
 Ton effet est celui de la tendre harmonie,
 Qui plait à la nature et qui fait sa douceur.

“ Delightful verdure ! that,
 robing the earth's green lap, refresh the fatigued sight and tranquilize the perturbed heart, yours is that visible harmony,
 that

that concord of corresponding hues, which is nature's fairest ornament, and her supreme delight."

Opposite the grotto, on a tree, hung a board with a song set to musick by Rousseau ; the words were pastoral and pathetic, and I was pleased to see one of Rousseau's excellencies, his talent for musical composition, attested by the kind of monument of all others, the fittest to perpetuate the memory of genius, a speci-

men of its productions. Having nearly made the round of the meadow, through this shady walk, we came to an open space with a bank of green turf; over it hung a board with an inscription from the Georgicks:

*Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes,
&c.*

A little lower down, near the margin of the river, was an elbow chair, made (as our guide informed us) by Rousseau himself. It was formed of rude unfashioned twigs, interwoven and grafted

grafted as it were into the tree, which served as a back to it.

From this place a dark winding path brought us unexpectedly to a basin of clear water, near which stood a pyramid sacred to the pastoral Poets, Theocritus, Virgil, Gesner and Thomson; the latter, it would appear, being ranked in this class, in regard to the subject, not the form of his writings. Short inscriptions in the language of each poet are added to the four names which

which occupy the four sides of the base. At the foot of the pyramid lay a stone inscribed in English, to the memory of Shenstone, and near it were two trees with their branches interwoven and these words on a board :

Omnia junxit amor.

Love, the bond of universal union.

A symbol and device prettily expressive of the passion which constitutes the chief subject of rural poetry.

Near

Near the temple of the pastoral muse, but without the limits of the delightful valley we had just quitted, we saw the Temple of Philosophy. The neighbourhood of these two structures seemed to image no less truly than ingeniously, the intimate connection between nature and science ; but in the state of the Temple of Philosophy itself, we found an allegory still more striking; it remains *unfinished*. Over the door we read :

Rerum

Rerum cognoscere causas.

Of things to know the causes.

Within the temple,

Hoc templum inchoatum
Philosophiæ nondum perfectæ

MICHAELI MONTAIGNE,
Qui omnia dixit,
Sacrum esto.

Be this temple
(Unfinished like the science whose name it
bears)

Sacred to the memory of him
who left nothing unsaid,
MICHAEL MONTAIGNE.

The building is supported by
six whole pillars, inscribed with
the

the names of Newton, Descartes, Voltaire, Penn, Montesquieu and Rousseau. A seventh stands broken with this inscription :

Quis hoc perficiet ?

Who will complete it ?

Three others without any inscription lie on the ground, alluding to the structure before it is complete.

Near this Temple and looking towards it, to intimate, we may suppose, the dependance of

M

true

true piety on philosophy, stands
a rustick chapel or hermitage,
with this inscription over the
door :

Au createur j'eleve mon hommage,
En l'admirant dans son plus bel ouvrage.

I raise my heart to the creator of all
things, while I admire him in the fairest
of his works.

Near this is a dark, lonely
valley, where we read engraved
on a stone, the following in-
scription, the sensations it is so
well calculated to convey, being
not a little heightened by the
silence

silence and gloominess of the place :

Hic fuerunt inventa
Plurima ossa occisorum,
Quando fratres fratres,
Cives cives trucidabant :
Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum !

“ In this place were found the bones of numbers slain at that unhappy period, when brethren butcher'd brethren, and the hand of every citizen was raised against a fellow : such were the crimes religion once inspired !”

The bones here alluded to were discovered by accident some years back, and it does no little honour both to the taste and the humanity of the Marquis de Girardin, thus to derive from this awful monument of the dangers of superstition, an interesting embellishment to his park, and an important lesson to its visitors.

The gloomy impressions which we could not help carrying with us from this place, were succeeded

ceeded by more cheerful ideas, suggested by the well-contrived contrast of the next object that attracted our attention. It was a small area or open space, with a stage for the musician in the middle, where the country people dance on Sundays and holidays. This is the principal, almost the only amusement of the French peasants: the nobility and the gentry frequently superintend those dances, and sometimes join in them.

Our

Our guide next led us to that part of the park which lies at the back of the house. We followed him along a path, cut thro' the wood, and bordering a rivulet, over which the branches of the trees formed an uninterrupted arch. Near the entrance of this gloomy but not unpleasing passage, is a rough unfashioned stone by way of altar. On one side we read,

Qui regna l'amore.

This is the domain of love.

On

On the other ;

L'acque parlano d'amore,
E l'aura, e i rami,
E gli augeletti, e i pesci,
E i fiore, e l'herba.

“ The stream, the breeze that fans it, the flowers that gild the grafs that borders its margin, the verdant, o'erhanging arch, its vocal tenants, the glittering inhabitants of the moving chryftal ; all whisper love, all speak his prefence here.”

After

After winding along with the stream for some time, we reached a grotto scooped into a bank of earth which over-hung the stream. The branches arching over our heads kept off the rays of the sun, and invited us to rest from the fatigue which our ramble, however delightful, could not but have been attended with. We sat down; the rivulet flowed at our feet, and its delightful murmur playing upon the ear, appeared to repose our minds in the same
pro-

proportion that the turfy bank we sat on did our bodies. At a little distance the brook, together with a spring, which bubbles up from the earth, forms a bason, whose water is of the clearest chrystal, and the sands so remarkably bright that they have a silver cast. Within the grotto were inscribed the following lines :

O limpide fontaine, O fontaine chérie !

Puisse la sotte vanité

Ne jamais frequenter ta rive humble et
fleurie ;

Que ton simple sentier ne soit point fre-
quenté

N

Par

Par aucun tourment de la vie,
 Tel que l'ambition, l'envie,
 L'avarice et la fausse é :

Un bocage si frais, un séjour si tranquille,
 Au tendre sentiment doit seul servir d'asyle :
 Les ramaux amoureux entrelassés exprés
 Aux muses, aux amours offrent leur voile
 épais,

Et le cristal d'une onde pure
 A jamais ne doit reflechir,
 Que les graces de la nature,
 Et les images du plaisir.

“ Oh sweetly bubbling source
 of liquid chrystal ! may the tread
 of inflated vanity never bruise
 the flowers that border thy de-
 lightful margin. Let the tyrants
 of human life, Ambition, Envy,
 Avarice, Hypocrisy, exercise
 their

their despotick controul without thy happy limits, but never approach an asylum reserved for the silent sensations of unutterable happiness, or the impatient effusions of eloquent delight. Never, no never let thy unpoluted mirrour reflect ought but the beauties of nature, or the triumphs of Love."

Adjoining to this romantick spot, and serving as an appendage to it, is a pavilion erected,

Otio et Musis.

To retirement and the Muses.

A little higher up we crossed
the river in a boat to the

Tour de la belle Gabrielle,

Fair Gabriella's tower,

Where the most amiable of
monarchs, Henry the fourth,
enjoyed in the conversation of a
beautiful and accomplished wo-
man the well-earned remission
from business and care, which
the short intervals of application
to the happiness of his subjects
and

and prosperity of his kingdom, gave him. The character given of the amiable *D'Etrées* by all the cotemporary historians, accounts fully for the resolution taken by Henry, of raising her to a throne which she would have so well become, and makes us feel a greater degree of regret at her untimely fate, which prevented that resolution from taking effect. The only thing wanting to make their lives as irreproachable as they were sincere, was the sanction of a legitimate

imate union; and tho' nothing can make amends for a deficiency of that nature, yet Henry's situation, married to a woman equally unwilling and unworthy to receive the homage of his affections, and afford him that domestick happiness which, after the welfare of his subjects, was the object of his warmest desires, must abate much of the strictness and severity of our censure, and encline us to excuse at least what we cannot approve.

The

The * inscription over the entrance, the form and architecture of the building, the fashion and disposition of the furniture, the air of antiquity that struck us without as well as within the tower, made the strongest impression on our

* En cette tour droit de peage
La belle Gabrielle avoit ;
C'est de tout tems qu'un François doit
A la beauté foi et hommage.

In this tower reigned Love and Gabriella, in which beauty received, and valour paid the homage due in France from the brave to the fair,

minds,

minds, and carrying us back in idea to the days of Henry and Gabriella, the illusion was so strong that, on entering an oval salloon which forms the second story of the tower, we were almost disappointed at not finding the lovers tete-a-tete before us. We examined with no little eagerness every object that presented itself within this small building, not so much on account of the value or rarity of the things considered in themselves, as from the relation they
once

once bore to Henry and his amiable mistress. In such a place and on such a subject as this, the loyalty and gallantry of the French nation have had a splendid opportunity to display themselves ; and accordingly the walls, pillars, &c. are covered with songs, inscriptions in prose &c. in honour of the good Henry (as he is still called) and the fair Gabriella. But none of these monuments of admiration and gratitude (though more truly valuable perhaps, as pro-

O

ceeding

ceeding solely from the heart, than the pyramids and columns erected by flattery or fear) does so much honour to the memory of the former, as the armour of Dominique de Vic, suspended at the entrance of the tower. This gentleman, one of the best and bravest of Henry the Fourth's officers, as well as the most attached to his master, passing through *Rue de la Ferronnerie* in which he had been assassinated, two days after that unhappy event, was so suddenly
and

and violently affected at the sight of the place where the *parricide* (to speak the language of the grateful subjects of so good a king) was committed, that he was taken ill on the spot, and died next morning ; an instance of affection perhaps unparalleled, and a striking proof how that amiable monarch was adored by those who knew him best.

From the top of the tower,
which commands an extensive

O 2 prospect

prospect over the park and gardens, we took a general view of the beauties we had already examined in detail, and found the *whole* as grand and sublime as the parts of which it is composed, were beautiful and picturesque. The water in particular, spreading away at a distance has a fine effect. We descended with regret, and found in our way back to the village, which was no less agreeable than that by which we came, the only consolation we were in a humour

mour to receive, a succession of beauties that started up to our view at every step we advanced.

Such in some sort are the gardens of Ermenonville: however I have drawn but a rude sketch of their beauties. It requires more time than I can spare, and more talents than I can boast, to visit them with attention and describe them with accuracy. I hope, however, that my readers will receive some amusement and information.

formation from the account I have given, and participate in some degree in the pleasure I have received. Being accustomed to the insipid regularity of French gardens, my eyes wandered with delight over a bolder species of improvement. Here I saw no long strait allies, where the sacrilegious sheers are ever ready to clip away the luxuriant branches; no barren sandy walk; no flowery pastures cut out into unmeaning figures by the hand of caprice; no artificial

tificial basons ; no water-spouts ;
 no marble, or porcelaine vases ;
 no cold inanimate statues, plant-
 ed in a row, at equal distances ;
 no balustrades ; no splendid ter-
 races, loaded with superfluous
 ornaments, and which only raise
 in the mind the idea of sterile
 magnificence ; no delightless
 bowers whence every single
 charm is banished, and which
 only fatigue the sight with the
 glare of day, the lustre of
 looking glasses and the polish of
 marble pillars. Ermenonville

is

is not deformed by such proud ornaments, but, as if conscious of the charms of its native simplicity, and scorning the assistance of art, leaves the care of its embellishments to nature alone, who with a free but finished touch, has chalked out every thing after her own sublime image, the sole model and criterion of excellence in this as in every other concern of genius and true taste.



